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THE MORNINGSIDE

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The Eastward Road

Let us go on along the eastern way.
Behind us flares the sunset's gold and rose,
Before us, in the dusk that no man knows,
The level highroad stretches, straight and grey.
Let us go on to meet the moon's first ray,
Above the eastern path that twilight shows ;
Let us go on apast the moon, till glows
Across the eastern hill another day.
Though through the dark mad shapes go scurrying by,
Reason and Rapine, Power and Unrest,
Kingdoms unburied, empires yet unborn,
While the night-wind blows cool across the sky,
While man's ambition struggles towards the west—
Let us ride on through moonlight into morn.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy

The Avenging of the King

SILENCE of death reigned in the low, dark, mud-hut. The gloom was only broken by a dim ray of light making its way through the single narrow slit in the wall. The light fell on the King's pale face, which was drawn with the last agony of death.

I shivered.

"The King is dead," I said, at last.

My voice rang out into the silence with terrible distinctness.

"Be still," whispered the queen, passionately. "He is but just dead and you would cry out to the whole world, 'He is dead, he is dead.' Be still."

I looked at her strangely.

"There has been foul play here," I cried. "I must hence to the town of Gloucester and warn the Prince of the traitors who conspire against his rightful succession."

"No, not to Gloucester, not to Gloucester. You *shall* not go," she repeated, while her beautiful eyes were kindled with eagerness.

"Your Grace," I said, "I am faithful to the Prince. God knows, even though he is your son, you have not been so to him. Yet I must depart e'er Richard the Falconer or any other traitor can gather his vassals."

I started for the door.

"My Lord, my Lord, stay. Have you no pity for me? My son hates me. Mine will be the expiation of this dreadful murder, if the King has indeed been murdered—I, who am innocent. If you go now, I am at his mercy before I can flee."

"Madame," I answered, coldly, "the Prince is just," and turned again to leave.

"My Lord, a dukedom if you stay," she cried.

I stopped stock still, even at the threshold.

As she began again her voice was soft and low like the sound of wind in the pines.

"My Lord, are there not more of royal blood than this foolish boy prince. Are there not men, you and Richard the Falconer——. Nay, let me speak. I know you and all mine enemies have said he is my paramour. How cruelly have I been wronged by the jealousy of the King. Oh! I am a poor lonely woman. My son hates me and I shall be helpless before his wrath. Richard at least is my friend. Be you, too, my friend. Help Richard that my life may be saved from my son. You shall have a dukedom for the asking. Nay, of royal blood yourself, the crown is not beyond your reach. Stay, only stay for a short while, for a few hours till Richard can come. Oh, if a woman's gratitude, a helpless woman's gratitude and love can be a fit reward, stay and help me."

She held forth her arms beseechingly and her eyes shone with soft pleading. I was insensate, swept along by the swift tide of her beauty. And then my eyes fell on the dead King, my master's face. A sudden fury seized me by the throat.

"The King has been murdered," I cried. "The King has been murdered."

The Queen shrunk before my rage in guilty terror.

"Oh, woman," I cried again, "you have murdered the King. It is you have done this deed, you and your accursed lover, the Falcon."

She had regained her quiet now; she looked me in the eyes now with a clear, guilty defiance. In awful beauty she stood before me. I raised my dagger to strike, yet what my heart would have, my eyes forbade. Her breasts rose and fell with the tumultuous rhythm of the sea; but her eyes looked at me with the calm sureness of perfect beauty. Why did she not move that the spell might be broken? As it was, my dagger shrank away from my hand and fell to the ground. I could not —— I could not ——. God knows how much my cowardice was to cost me.

"You shall not go," she said again.

But I was mad now with cowardice. I seized her and threw her roughly from the door and rushed out. Only to be away from those eyes, those terrible eyes that had made a coward of me. My horse! my horse! Away, away to Gloucester! The bushes fly past me now. Swiftly as fate the ten leagues slip by, yet they lie upon me like lead. And all the way her eyes are behind me. If I ever see them again I am done for. See! the towers of Gloucester heave into sight. Two leagues more. The strain is about over. I shall be there now, I shall be there. I turn a bend in the road. The last stretch lies before me. Lo, e'er I can stop my steed's onward rush, I have plunged into the midst of a cavalcade of knights. It was Richard the Falcon's troop. Blindly I fought with my poor boar-spear, but was soon overcome. Back, back whence I came; the leagues were weary now. I was dazed and knew not what was happening. At last the hut was reached again.

"My Lord," I heard her voice, joyful now with love's greeting, "I did not await you thus early, my Lord," and

then her eyes lit on me. With infinite disdain she said, "Oh! you caught the coward, did you? He would have killed me had he dared."

And she told what had taken place between us with such a bitterness of phrase as roused her lover's rage and should have surprised me into the making of reproaches and accusation. This pleasure, to let her see me writhe beneath her words, I did not give her; but was silent.

"He shall die, by my sword, he shall die," cried Richard the traitor.

"Nay, death is too short for him," she made quiet answer, and then as if caught in a sudden whirlwind of passion she cried: "His eyes, my Lord, his eyes which looked on me and scorned me, and every time he remembers the light he cannot behold, he will think of me whom he cursed. His eyes, his eyes, my Lord."

They tore them out and drove me away with hoots and mockery.

Long I wandered, I knew not where, stumbling blindly without light or guidance, in mortal pain, until at last I came to a peasant's hut. The good people who took me in made a bed of rushes on the floor for me, and after that, of the many days that passed, I remember nothing.

It was a voice that I well knew which roused me and thrilled me to life again.

"Good people, good people, let me in to rest here for one night. My enemies are hard upon my tracks. Oh! for the sake of Christ, one night, only one night."

A moment later the door was opened. There was the rustling of a woman's dress; the door closed again. For several seconds she did not see me. I sat in the corner of the room.

"My lady," I said.

She shrieked aloud and would have made for the door. But hatred lent me a better instinct than the sight of my eyes. I stepped between the door and her. Again she shrieked and rushed to the other side of the room. She wept and prayed for her life. What was that to me? I could not see her now. She had herself robbed me of the power to pity her. What was her perfect beauty now to me? I could not see her eyes, the heaving of her breasts. This time my dagger did not waver. I killed her.

H. G. Alsberg

THERE have been many notices, mostly eulogistic, in the various college magazines in the country, on East and West, the new literary periodical, but we have modestly refrained, so far, from expressing any opinions we have had on the foster-child of Mademoiselle Morningside and Dame Lit. Perhaps we expected the first number to be a bit cleverer and a little less conventional than it was, but then, our standards are rather high here at Columbia.

In appearance, East and West is all that could be desired from an artistic view-point. The comments are excellently and easily said. The book review on Stalky & Co. is as tasty a morsel of criticism as we have relished for many a day. The verse is usually good, but not, in general, remarkably far above the level of magazine verse. One story in the second number gives us the tense wierdness of the Rue Morgue, while the other out-Hopes the sprightly conversation of the Dolly Dialogues. The essays and special articles are uniformly pessimistic, and have, some of them, the tone of the Philistine-hunter and arch-snob of all English literature. Here we behold the strange spectacle of the infant E. and W., with dimpled hands raised despairingly to heaven, tears

furrowing chubby cheeks, bemoaning the literary decadence of the land, in substance somewhat thus :

> The poverty of modern prose
> Is plainer than Cyrano's nose ;
> The want of good poetic ration
> Is causable of cachinnation ;
> Nor would one hesitate to damn a
> Poor fool who relishes our drama.
>
> * * * *
>
> We dine on, 'stead of steaks and chops,
> Mere literary lollipops.

It is sad to observe the tear-ducts so vigorously in play in one so young. The Spirit of Fiction lies not indeed dead, but shackled by fetters of old worn-out conventions and formalisms and drugged to sleep by draught of latter-day flippancies and follies. Not tears, sweet infant, will break the rusted bonds, but the bright, sharp axe of youth and fearlessness which stands for you and me to wield; not grave-flowers will rouse her, but a dash of the ammonia of sanity. And as for the muse, did not, just now, her song sound sweetly from wild Eden? The drama, too, is it so sadly in need of bewailment? The play, at least, makes us laugh, an excellent thing for dyspepsia. But if you would really be wooed from your tears, if you would be convinced that Lady Literature, with her prose, her poetry and her drama, is not yet sunk to the grave, you must read the Morningside and see the Varsity Show !

For several years now, in truth, ever since the University moved bag and baggage from the ivy-grown halls of forty-ninth street, Morningside has had the misfortune of being housed in the airy top floor of West Hall, far above and

away from the current of student life. The fact is, like many another beautiful work of art, we have been skyed, remorselessly skyed, by the august hanging committee of this great museum of the arts and sciences; and only within the last few days have we received any hint of the commutation of our undeserved suspension. Now, however, we hope soon to have the consolation of being cut down, as the thief said after he had been hanging over an hour or so. In plain English, Morningside, with her portly neighbor, the Literary Monthly, intends shortly to take up her abode in the new lounging hall, to be prepared for the students opposite the lunch room. Here, while the men smoke and lounge, Mademoiselle Morningside, sleeves tucked in neatly at the elbows, and arms akimbo, will try to make the hours glide by as pleasantly as may be, while dear old Mother Lit serves the cakes and beer.

We see, with pleasure, that Spectator is earnestly engaged in the encouragement and cultivation of a Varsity Song. Though the result may be something of a hot-house product, yet the move is in the right direction, and has, besides, a touch of modern journalism about it that is quite a work of art in itself. We can turn in lyrics from now till Christmas, you see, and out of the conglomerate result, a committee will select the most inspired, and Spec has a feeling in its bones that the song of their choice will be immortal.

The judges are wisely selected. Prof. MacDowell, whose "Indian Suite" has proved him an authority on aboriginal music, will disengage, classify, and analyze, any tendencies towards melody in manuscript submitted; Prof. Van Amringe, our mathematician, will test the songs by a nice adjustment of the metre; while the chairman of the Athletic Association will see to the running of the feet. One of the Varsity Show

librettists will amuse the judges while they work, and the President of the Musical Society will boss the job.

The judge who guesses the right song first, will wear the Varsity C.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Mr. J. S. Bühler from the Business Managership of the Morningside. Mr. G. C. Atkins has been elected to that position.

Betsouka Stories

THE SULTAN'S BALCONY

ETSOUKA entered the imperial ante-chamber and settled herself comfortably on a divan. "My dear Sultan," she exclaimed, "why have you donned those purple pantalets this evening?"

"But, cara mia, you know I wanted to go for a spin on the tandem through the royal gardens," he replied, graciously.

"Ah, you are weary of me already," she cried. "You won't even let me spin the rest of my last night's yarn yet; and you know how much you enjoy it, dear."

The Sultan wriggled uneasily in his chair. He made a great effort to be firm. "Call the Grand Vizier," he ordered, "and let him fill the pearl-studded bike-lamp with oil of cloves." Betsouka's face assumed an expression of horror. "My master, my master," she cried, "you surely will not dare to ride to-night! 'Tis the holy eve of the Prophet's boot, and what will it boot you even to be a Sultan, if the sacred special police catch you riding around and not on foot. It's false doctrine, heresy and schism to ride at all to-night."

"What do I care for Devery's men? Am I not Sultan?"

"Well, I'm not insultin' you," she made return, tearfully.

"And, oh, I love you so ; and it's such a fine story I have for you. I'll begin, shan't I? 'And then—and then, Sinbad——' "

The Sultan reached for the bell-rope. For a moment she gazed at him in wide-mouthed amazement, like a well-bread dough that is startled by the hunters. Then, suddenly, with a shriek, she carefully fell back lifeless upon the softest spot of the divan.

The Sultan paused with his hand on the bell-rope and gazed enquiringly at the belle of the harem. Then taking his Persian caftan he stole quietly towards the door. But just as he reached the threshold, a short, sharp whistle sounded suddenly from the garden. Betsouka, quickly awakening from her feint, glided to the balcony, and, leaning far over the railing, stretched her white arms out toward the garden below and called, "Is that you, dearest Khissem?"

Swift as a rabbit the Sultan dashed back again, and seizing her by the waist, dragged her from the balcony into the room. "Woman," he roared, like an infuriated lion, "would'st trifle with me?"

"Now, my dear," she replied, quietly, "we'll have the story." "But," he protested, "but—who—?"

"Ss—s—sh," she sibilated mysteriously, pressing confidentially on his arm. "Ss—s—sh, that is part of the story."

So, with eagerness and attention figuring on every feature of his face, the Sultan sat him down on his tapestried dirlai. "Begin! begin!" he cried, impatiently. And with a sigh of supreme contentment she started the continuation of the tale commenced the night before :

"'Alice,' admonished Sinbad, handing her the pumpkin and scratching his left ear, 'now is your chance to kick a goal from the field.'

"'You should see the constable before you go to the goal,' suggested the rabbit, politely.

"'Ah, go on, old Welch,' sneered the precocious poodle.

"'Shut up, old Frankfurters,' retorted the rabbit.

"'I can't do it,' exclaimed Alice, petulently.

"'Oh, pshaw,' cried Sinbad. 'Just take the pumpkin in both hands and kick out with your feet. Why, it's pie! Do it! Don't mince matters. Be sure to use both feet.'

"'But that will be a drop kick,' interposed the rabbit, timidly.

"'Of course,' said Sinbad, in disgust.

"Alice raised the yellow fruit high in air, and kicked. The pumpkin dropped upon poor Sinbad, her feet flew out and caught the rabbit in the pit of the stomach, and Alice tumbled in a heap upon the precocious poodle. When she opened her eyes they had all disappeared, and she was alone upon the palace balcony."

[The Sultan, leaning forward, eagerly interrupted Betsouka. "Upon the balcony?" he shouted.

"I said balcony," returned Betsouka, incisively. "If you don't believe me, ask *him*."

"Well," said the Sultan, slightly non-plussed, "let's hear the story, anyway."

Betsouka resumed:]

"Alice gazed down into the garden. She heard—[the Sultan was trembling with excitement]—she heard a lettuce, nicely dressed, conversing in low tones with the muskmelon.

"'*He* swindled me only yesterday,' the latter was remarking, excitedly.

"'Oh, you're a soft thing, anyhow,' replied the lettuce. 'I never lose *my* head.'

"'But you're pretty green yourself, you know,' reiterated the muskmelon.

"'Hush! Hush!' suddenly whispered the lettuce, 'here *he* comes now.'

"Alice stared over the railing curiously. And then—and then a deep weariness came over her, and she sank asleep."

"And that's all for to-night," said Betsouka, rising to leave.

"But what about the whistle? That whistle?" cried the Sultan, eagerly, grasping her by the shoulder.

"Oh, that will come in to-morrow night," said Betsouka, conclusively.

One and Another

Love Lost

Wrap thee about, O heart!
  Garment of grieving:
Seek not to soothe the smart,
  Sweetly deceiving.
Only her scorn for thee,
Earth made forlorn for thee;
Merry love's morn for thee,
  Bitter love's leaving!

What flame can bring for thee
  Light to dead ember?
Kisses of spring for thee,
  Tears of November—
What has time got for thee
If she smile not for thee?
What can fate lot for thee,
  Save to remember?

Harold Kellock

IT was on the train from Utica to New York. The florid lady in the drawing-room car had just scolded her oldest son for pinching the legs of the two younger children. It was the third time she had spoken to him on the subject, but it was not the third offense, by any means, and every pinch had brought forth a vigorous outcry from the pinchee. The amiable old gentleman in the chair ahead no longer smiled at the three darlings, but began to look unhappy.

Just then the porter entered the car to take our orders for lunch. When he came to the florid lady, she said that all she needed was a table, as she had a lunch in the dress-suit case which she carried. The porter brought the table and spread a cloth, while we looked on, as a vulgar young man behind me remarked, to see whether the pinching faculty extended to chicken-legs.

But we were dissappointed ; the bag wouldn't open. It wasn't locked, but it was a dress-suit case, you know, and they always act that way. I know a man who locked his once, and the unholy thing spilled its contents all over Broadway. I know another fellow who never locked his case, but one day that weak-looking clasp did the business, and he had to get a new dress-suit ; the old one is still in the bag.

But to return. After twenty minutes' struggle with the lock, the florid lady had only three sound hair-pins left—and looked it. Those of us who carried keys had offered them to be fitted to the bag, but nothing resulted from it beyond a mild protest from the florid lady against carrying such large keys. Finally the thing grew tiresome; the children began to cry, the mother was irritable, and I, not being of a domestic turn, went into the smoking apartment, where they say bachelors can always find rest, and married men, refuge.

We were well past Yonkers before I went back to my seat. I noticed at once that something had happened. The florid lady and the delicious three were seated around an open bag, and were eating like mad. It seems that they had all fallen into a nap, and had slept till within twenty miles of New York, when to the amusement of the passengers, the bag flew open of itself. Some unscrupulous person woke them up, and the florid lady set the children to making away with the belated lunch. They didn't want it now, but that made no difference. As she said, the lunch wasn't worth while carrying home—in the bag. I shall never forget the miserable look of those children as they bolted it down.

The Question

To love a little and then forget,
  To love and dream that we have forgot,
To lose our dream in life's toil and fret,
  To wake and find that the dead sleep not,
To shrink from memory's traitor-knife,
  With every gesture, in every breath—
Friend, if we know this our common life,
  What of the longer life of death?

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy

The Stage Manager's Story

SEVERAL years ago Colonel Richard Starr, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," of the Acanthus Club, in company with three of his old cronies, was partaking of one of the club's unusually excellent dinners. The Colonel was known to be a silent man, but this night he was in a bright, talkative mood. When coffee and cigars had been served and the waiter had withdrawn, he settled back comfortably in his big chair, and related the following impossible yarn :

"It was in '69 that I was stage manager for Henry Wood, the comedian, who was playing in repertoire through the

country. We had been travelling about for over a month, playing to empty houses, and scarcely making enough money to feed ourselves. How we were ever to reach New York again, without walking over railway ties, none of us knew. If we could only fill the house once, just once, we could make enough money to buy through tickets for New York. But this thought was merely a castle in the air. We were out in the God-forsaken West, where people had little or no leisure for theatres. How were we ever to fill the house was the question ever in our minds. Try as we would, no answer was forthcoming. Courage was slowly, but surely, oozing out of our hearts. We had almost come to the conclusion that we had said our last adieux to dear old New York.

"We finally arrived at the little city of Silverton, Colorado, near the great silver mines. We decided, hopelessly, to present Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.' And we did not err in our choice of plays, for when the miners heard that a wrestling match was one of the features of the performance, the news spread throughout the city like wild-fire. A crowd gathered before the box office hours before it opened. In fifteen minutes every seat in the house was sold, and even standing room was at a premium. Our dreams of getting back east were about to be realized. With what joy and thankfulness we set about preparing for the evening's work! Orlando and Rosalind, in the privacy of their dressing rooms, hugged themselves for sheer joy, for they could now almost hear the roar and rumble of their own dearly beloved 'Rialto.'

"Six o'clock of the day of the performance came, and the curtain was to rise on the first act at eight. Everything was ready, but where was Charles, the wrestler? No one in the company had seen him since luncheon. Finally, growing so nervous I could not sit still, I rose and went in search of him. Where do you think I found him? Behind the stove in a

drinking saloon—drunk—beastly drunk—so drunk that he could move neither hand nor foot! It was the last straw, and I sat down and wept. But through the mist of tears I again saw a vision of Broadway. In an instant I was on my feet with a plan of action mapped out.

"Leaning lazily against the bar of the saloon I saw my ideal of a wrestler—a great, big, hulking brute of a miner. I bought him several drinks of very bad whisky, and then broached the subject that was uppermost in my mind. He soon consented for five, bright, shining American dollars to become Charles, the wrestler. Again success seemed assured, and again I saw my vision of Broadway.

"We hurried back to the theatre, and arrived there just in time to save Orlando from an attack of heart failure; for he was utterly at a loss to know what had become of me. The theatre was crowded to the doors; never before had so many people gathered together in the history of Silverton. I tried to explain to Charles that he must not offer a very strong resistance to Orlando. He said he understood his part, and that was all there was to it. I never for a moment doubted his sincerity.

"The play progressed smoothly until we came to the wrestling bout at the Court of Frederic. Charles sprang forward like a pugilist at the call of time. He closed in upon Orlando, and seized him about the middle in a grip of steel. (Wood, totally unprepared for this onslaught, turned white and green under his make-up.) Slowly, very slowly, Orlando was lifted off the ground; then with a quick toss Charles threw him in the air. By this time Orlando had collected his scattered wits, and brought into play some of the tricks he had learned years before in the gymnasium. As he rose in the air, he gave a sudden twist, and landed on his feet. Quick as a flash Charles was upon him again, and by sheer

weight bore him slowly down. Orlando whispered, 'Let me throw you, you fool.' Charles grinned and answered, 'Raise my price and you can.' Orlando, with a muttered curse, shook himself free. The rest of us could do nothing; for if we offered any assistance, either the action of the play would be ruined, or the miners would stir up a riot. From the stories told by members of other theatrical companies, a riot in Silverton was by no means a joke. With staring eyes we watched and waited. In the centre of the stage swearing, panting, with great beads of perspiration rolling off them, Charles and Orlando struggled for the mastery. Orlando's knowledge of tricks stood him in good stead, for they forced Charles to exert his full strength to withstand them. Quickly Charles darted forward and seized Orlando around the middle with his left arm; with his right hand he grasped Orlando's left wrist. Slowly, inch by inch, Charles bent his arm back, until I thought Orlando must cry out in surrender. But with a quick eel-like movement the actor was again free. And now they stood glaring at each other like two beasts; their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and their breathing choked. Orlando's strength was just ebbing away, for the miner was too strong for the actor. His knees now began to wobble, and he tottered like a man who has received a knock-out blow. Charles, quick to see his advantage, got the strangler's hold. Orlando realized that he must either give in or be choked to death. His face was turning purple; his tongue, covered with a white froth, hung out the corner of his mouth; his eyes, wide and staring, seemed about to pop out of their sockets. 'Fifty and you can throw me,' whispered Charles. Orlando could scarcely gasp 'Done,' when they both crashed to the floor in a heap, with Charles the under man. Pandemonium reigned supreme in the audience, and for fully ten

minutes I heard cries and shouts the like of which I have never heard, and earnestly pray I never shall again.

"Early the next morning, almost before sunrise, with my share of the box-office receipts, I bought a through ticket for New York. From that day to this I have never mixed in theatrical affairs."

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Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science. Teachers College, a professional school for teachers, while financially an independent corporation, is also a part of the university. As a professional school it is conducted by its own Faculty. From the point of view of the university, its courses in education that lead to a degree fall under the Faculty of Philosophy.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned.

The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to the diploma of Teachers College.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*

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